

Establishment,
STREET—PHILADELPHIA,
No. (formerly of the firm of
the public generally; that he has
been induced to pursue his
endeavours to please those
of a Silk Woolen and Co.

other, are respectfully re-
quested to the above, as many
as will, to make it known to the
public on the merits of those
who him in Dying, Bequeath and
every description. Gentlemen
and women, on an improved
and safe, Dried to any
kind of taste, Clad, and
for Mourning intended to at
part of the United States shall
be attended to.

commodating Store,
Philadelphia, four doors
other Hardware, suitable for
use in the house—
such as LOOKING GLASSES
and MIRRORS.

Razors and Razors

Pen and Pencil Knives

Frying Pans and Griddles

Cooking Pans and Coffee Mills

Old Knives and Forks

Tin Knives and Knitting Pins

Iron Pot, Skillets, &c.

and a great variety of other
articles in the house-keep-
ing line.

EMP'T TRUNKS. Goods sent

of expense.

CHARLES LEHMAN,

Master, corner of South Alley.

nes, and Liquors.

to inform his friends and
that he has an extensive
Wines, and Liquors of the
best quality for family
use.

CHARLES LEHMAN,

Master, corner of South Alley.

Plumber, Plumbers.

four door above Chestnut

street, from all sizes, warranted
hand, small Iron Pipes, which
Hydrants, all kinds,
April 30th.

For Sale

on the premises on Saturday

o'clock, P. M., &c., adjoining

Mitchell's or Laurel Mill-

spiral to any on the Peninsula,

is on tide water, convenient to

water, moved by water, Large

convenient distance, on

with two saws, A Tub Grit

and three sawmills—one for

with no water gates,

of the mills, a part lot No.

including a portion of the flat

each two thousand dollars on

per cent on amounts due

of living dead and possession-

and four years, with all

A discount of 10 per cent

on the balances, or any

time of giving receipts and pos-

erty sold, and judgment

MANAEN H.

Witbank and Mr. Samuel G.

relative to the power of the

April 30th.

50—st

CARD.

decrease in publishing the vari-

ous Arts and Sciences through-

out the country that ALLEN

desires—Philadelphia, the most

perfect mathematical sys-

tem and proper shapes, fab-

rics, and having made in

England, Europe, America,

and some, with the alterations

at Philadelphia, from time to time

the Philadelphia Fashions, and

catalogue of the latest improve-

ments of Tailoring, by Allen W-

alter, of the scientific mode

of tailoring, and changes in

Gentlemen's clothing. The

catalogue, by the parent to

parents, is now published, or

will put him in possession of

the above purpose, one

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the above purpose, one

work, cased,

out effect. "Write to Vivian," said Mrs. M., "communicate to him your father's determination and commands. You must strive to forget him—to banish from your bosom every recollection of his love. Do this my dear for your mother's sake; for your own sake; and in performing this duty, I trust that God will reconcile the trial to your mind." Emma sat in silence, but her pallid features emphatically said "Never, never, can I forget Vivian. My lips may not breathe his name, nor my looks tell the anguish of my heart, but the remembrance of Vivian shall always have a dwelling in the secret chambers of my devoted heart." The sunny ray of bliss was extinguished, and she felt as if she was entering the portals of a dark and melancholy night—she thought, "what is life to me if its light is taken away?" Young minds seldom utter despair—a few days passed, and the fierceness of her grief was abated—her mind was settled into a more resigned sadness. A sense of ingratitude to God and her parents came over her, and she again saw much for which to live and be thankful. She wrote to Vivian, though her words confessed none of her sorrow, for such a knowledge she knew would only tend to aggravate the grief of Vivian, but the burning drops that fell upon the paper, conspired to betray her.—She saw them fall, but trusted they would leave no impression.

The road of life lies through a wild and varied valley, which is called the vale of tears, (for many are shed by those who pass through it) the commencement is often bright and sunshiny, but as the pilgrim advances, clouds and fogs darken his path, and the sun which shone so cheerfully when he first started is hid, or only gleams through the darkness, at distant and uncertain intervals. Shadow rests over shadow, and the gloom deepens into darkness. It was but a few days after Edward Vivian's departure, that an awful guest entered the house, whose visits, however fearful and unmasked they may be, none can refuse—it was death. He was calmly met, and Mrs. M. beheld his dread approach without a shudder. She was not unprepared—religion had spread a shield before her heart, and the fears of death could not make it tremble. Emma saw the approaching dissolution of her only real friend on earth—her mother. All the instances of her parent's love; all the dear recollections of her earliest infancy crowded into one vast billow of grief. She pleaded in tears before the throne of heaven, that her mother might be permitted to remain on earth, to be the friend and adviser of the otherwise destitute and heart-broken Emma. But the decrees of God are as irrevocable as they are just—his voice had spoken it, and saints and angels were now waiting at the gates of Heaven, to take into their friendly arms the bright spirit that was about to cast off its mortal covering. Emma saw the last lingering smile light up her mother's countenance, and felt the last sigh move with gentleness the ringlets of her forehead. Her heart experienced that unkindly blight, that most cruel of mortal deprivations—the loss of a beloved parent. A few hours before Mrs. M.'s death, she was endeavoring to administer consolation to Emma, who, bathed in tears, (which she made ineffectual efforts to conceal) fitted round the bed like a beautiful and faithful shadow. "Emma," said the dying mother, "let not your grief for my departure be unreasonably violent; for by such conduct you will be ungrateful to our heavenly father, who, in his boundless love, is about to take to himself the soul of your mother. My life has been one of pain and trial, and but for my dear child, there is nothing on earth for which I wish to live. Surely you will not grieve that I have left a dark and sinful world to mingle with the saints of God in the pure light of heaven. My Emma will not repine that I am enjoying happiness." She paused. "I will not be ungrateful—I will not repine," sobbed the afflicted Emma—"but who is there on earth to love and counsel me? O! that I might pass from this world with my mother!" "God's will, not ours, be done," said Mrs. Moreton, raising her hands towards heaven. "Wait patiently the appointed time, and we shall hereafter meet in joy. You may have much to live for; and let not the lessons of piety and humility which I have endeavored to imprint on your mind be forgotten; when I am gone, they may serve as guides through your pilgrimage on earth." Thus did Mrs. M. strive with her closing strength to administer comfort and consolation; but the afflicted daughter's tears still flowed in silence. The blood will flow from a recent wound—the tears will gush from a wounded mind. Mrs. M.'s words were locked up in Emma's heart—they were the last, and were sacred. Mrs. M. spoke of Vivian and Mr. Moreton, and she conjured her daughter with her expiring breath, "never to desert her aged father." The death of Mrs. M. was felt severely by her husband, but the chastisements of heaven only rendered more pungent the effects of a naturally unkind disposition. Emma's heart was deeply stricken; all the sources of earthly joy seemed at once dried up. The human soul has its verdant plains, its wide spreading seas, its dark and trackless wildernesses; its verdant plains, where the roses of hope vegetate and blossom, its wide seas, where the bark of that which glides o'er the unruffled tide of contentment; its trackless wildernesses, where the mind wanders in the twilight gloom, and conjures up the dark and fearful phantoms of future ill. For some time, Emma's mind was depressed by a melancholy gloom; but Time, as he passes, sheds from his spreading wings a healing balm. A calm once more was settling on Emma's soul, out also it was not to last long.—When winter comes, storm succeeds storm. She had not once heard from Vivian, and she began to hope that he had reconciled himself to what seemed to be the decree of heaven. It was not so. He had received her letter, and read it with agony. The words were few, and written as though with the hand of indifference; but there were blisters on the page that denied such an import—he saw them and knew that he was yet dear to her. "What," said he, "shall all our walks, our conversations, our daily cherishings, all the circumstances which served to bind our hearts, pass for nought? shall two souls that loved each other with the best and purest affection, be torn asunder by the hands of an unfeeling and unnatural father? Never, never!" He rushed into the presence of his commanding officer to ask permission to visit St. Eustatia—it was for the present refused. Orders had been given that the regiment to which Vivian belonged should return to England next month, and therefore his presence was required until all arrangements for the embarkation of the troops were completed. This was an unexpected blow to Vivian, and all his remaining hopes were annihilated. How could he hope that Emma would leave her parents now he was going to England? He was in despair. By some means, Vivian learned the death of Mrs. M.—he grieved for the suffering Emma, but his happiness again sprang up, now Mrs. M. was dead, what was there to bind Emma to St. Eustatia? surely she would not sacrifice her happiness to gratify such a father! Thus hoped Edward Vivian. But hopes oftentimes grow up in the most scanty soil, only to wither in the noonday drought.—Early one morning, Vivian again entered the dwelling of the Moretons. Emma was out—he knew her favorite walk, and soon beheld her standing on the cliff—he flew to her, and enfolded her in his arms. "Vivian, this is cruel; fate has hindered us, and this meeting is a needless aggravation of sorrow." Each word she spoke went through his heart. He told of his departure for England, and his

hopes that she would accompany him as his wife. She listened with deep and agonized feelings. "No, Edward, this must not, cannot be. I would not leave my father in his old age." "But cannot we prevail on him to go with us?" "No, we will not leave Eustatia—he will never leave a lucrative business." What could Vivian say? He could not think of relinquishing Emma whilst there was the least hope. He knelt at her feet and entreated that she would not blast his happiness. This was a sore trial for the virtuous girl; her tears rolled in torrents over his supplicating hands. In a low broken voice she said, "the last words of my departed mother were 'never abandon your aged father.'" Vivian was dumb. He looked about like one who sees a torrent rushing round him, and finds nothing to which he can cling. Emma beheld his ghastly look, whilst his stricken heart heaved tumultuously in his bosom. She could bear no more, and threw herself into his arms.—For a time, they stood transfixed in silent grief. "Let us go to your father," said Vivian, "and cast ourselves at his feet; if he possesses a heart, he will hear our supplications; he will pity their sighs and tears of his child." They went—hallooed in tears, they knelt before him, but he was obdurate.—Strange as this may seem, of such hardness of heart, mankind are the daily witnesses.

The lofty spirit of Vivian began to rise.—He sprang from his suppliant posture.—"Art thou a man—a Christian—a father, and dost thou still look with relentless eyes upon thy kneeling daughter? What not make one small sacrifice, if it promote the happiness of thy only child?" Mr. Moreton's eyes flashed with anger. "Young man, your words are vain; once more I say I will not give consent. Emma, leave his side this instant." He seized her arm with the intention of dragging her away. Vivian grasped her round the waist with one sinewy arm, and with the other drew his sword. "No, by heavens! we shall not be separated! she is not thy daughter! thou dost not love her! I do!" The father shrunk from his angry form, and called his slaves.—Emma sobbed in grief and terror. "Emma, my boat is in readiness, and if thou wilt consent, thou shalt be mine, though a legion of such unnatural fathers obstruct the path!"—With one arm he stretched out his threatening sword, and with the other supported the breathless Emma. His looks belied his words: the hitherto mild and gentle youth now stood a powerful and determined man. He waited with suppliant eyes for Emma's answer. Trembling with emotion she said, "O Vivian, I cannot, will not, disobey my dying mother. Leave me to my sorrows, and incense no more my father's anger." The sword dropped at his feet—he relaxed his hold on Emma. "Oh God!" he cried, "then we are doomed to part!" The father shrunk from his angry form, and called his slaves.—Emma sobbed in grief and terror. "Emma, my boat is in readiness, and if thou wilt consent, thou shalt be mine, though a legion of such unnatural fathers obstruct the path!"—With one arm he stretched out his threatening sword, and with the other supported the breathless Emma. His looks belied his words: the hitherto mild and gentle youth now stood a powerful and determined man. He waited with suppliant eyes for Emma's answer. Trembling with emotion she said, "O Vivian, I cannot, will not, disobey my dying mother. Leave me to my sorrows, and incense no more my father's anger."

Thus, after numerous trials, were these devoted lovers restored to each other's embrace. If for a time fortune frowned upon them, it served only to enhance the bliss of their union, which at last was happily consummated. Many blissful years they lived to enjoy each other's society. And Emma Moreton, even in this world reaped the reward of her duty to a dying parent.

ALPHA.
on the breeze—there was a well remembered sound—she listened in breathless silence—it again struck her ear—it came from the sea—she heard the clash of oars. "O heavens! can it be Vivian?" She hurried down a friendly path, and stood trembling on the beach. She strained her eyes anxiously in every direction, but no objects met them, save rocks and water. She listened with intensity, but no loved sound blessed her ear—the waves scarcely whispered on the pebbly shore, but she was ready to chide that whisper. She heard her own heart beating powerfully in her bosom. "O my foolish heart, why dost thou throb so loudly? Why did I suffer the workings of my imagination so cruelly to deceive me? Vivian breathes in other lands, and may never cast one thought on his once loved and happy, but now desolate Emma.—O may happiness illuminate his journey through life, and may he be blessed with a partner capable of loving him like Emma Moreton." "He shall! O my Emma!" It was Vivian who spoke. His car had heard her last words. She once more heard him whisper—she once more felt his constant heart beat in contact with her own. During his absence, he had been in battle and in danger. Peace came, and fortune. He left the army with his afflictions unchanged, and hurried over the Atlantic to bless the virtuous Orphan. If Mr. Moreton had yet been living, Vivian knew he would make no objection to their union now fortune was auspicious, and he felt contented to pass (if necessary) his days in St. Eustatia with his beloved Emma.

The moon was again gilding the mountain top with her silvery radiance.—"Behold, my love," said Vivian, "the witness of our happy meeting."

Then, after numerous trials, were these devoted lovers restored to each other's embrace. If for a time fortune frowned upon them, it served only to enhance the bliss of their union, which at last was happily consummated. Many blissful years they lived to enjoy each other's society. And Emma Moreton, even in this world reaped the reward of her duty to a dying parent.

WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.
The Hubard Gallery will very shortly leave the city. Those who desire to visit a place of amusement so attractive will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity as soon as possible.

J. B. Nones, of this city, has obtained a patent for a receipt to make buff or nankeen colours, which are indelible.

The remains of the Steam-boat Albemarle was sold at auction on Wednesday, for 2650 dollars. She was worth before she was burnt, 9300 dollars.

The schooner Tom, Capt. Tear, which sailed from this port upon the arrival of the news of the rise of coffee, made her passage to Havana, took in a cargo of coffee, and returned in twenty-eight days.

A proclamation has been issued by the French commander in chief, a president of the Cadiz Board of Health, notifying that no vessels will be admitted into the harbor during the summer months, from the West Indies, Gulf of Mexico, or other countries "exposed to yellow fever."

It is intended shortly to give a Concert of Sacred and Miscellaneous music at Zion Church in this city, in the course of a short time, for the benefit of the Female Hospital Society.

Mr. Savary, of Bristol, had been arraigned on the charge of forgery, and plead guilty.—The court and all present were much affected, he having been one of the most respectable merchants in that place.

It was officially announced at St. Petersburg, on the 3d of March, that all the differences which had arisen between Russia and Great Britain, on the subject of the Northwest Coast of America, were definitely adjusted in a Convention signed on that day by Count Nesselrode on the one part, and Mr. Stratford Canning on the other. The Convention fixes the limits of the trade and navigation of the two powers in that quarter, and regulates all that relates to them.

The proprietors of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation have presented to the Natural History Society of Manchester, the head of "Old Billy," a horse which, as was noticed at the time, died in their service, at the extraordinary but well-authenticated age of 62 years!

The Paris Journal des Débats, after quoting the sum of a precipice which rises some hundreds of feet, the eye commands an extensive, beautiful prospect. From this lofty eminence, by one false step, a man might be precipitated into the lower town of St. Eustatia. The ceaseless roar of the surf is heard as it dashes the narrow beach of sand and shells that stretches for some distance below the cliffs to the left. Numerous vessels may be seen in the bay: some proudly bearing into port, others spreading their gray canvas to the favoring breeze that wafts them from the island, and many swinging in idleness round their anchors. Far over the sea the blue rocks of La Gomera like an airy castle from the glimmering horizon. On the summit which commands this extensive view, stands the white church of St. Eustatia. Although simple and unassuming in its form, yet from the peculiarity of its situation and colour, it obscures itself upon the eye of the mariner for many leagues; and he might in the distance mistake it for a little white cloud fitting round the black crags of the mountainous country. The level church yard is surrounded by a fence of sturdy Aloes, whose formidable leaves bid defiance to the hardy Goat, and their tall stems which rise from their centres, crowned with yellow blossoms, cast their long shadows over the simple graves.

The last ray of the setting sun was yet lingering on the church steeple, and came as a farewell over the placid ocean; all other surrounding objects were resting in shadow—a brief twilight was thickening. That day there had been a funeral, and a few persons were yet loitering about the graves. As darkness came they disappeared, and the church-yard was left to its loneliness. The sum of the multitude had died away, and not a sound was heard but the mournful voice of the sea, as it came on the fitful breeze. But there was one being who yet looked upon the grave as a bed on which she trusted ere long to repose—the bed on which all whom she had loved and venerated were now resting. The earthly curtain was drawn over their faces, and the root of their chamber would soon be covered with grass and with flowers. Who would have thought that the being who knew by the fresh grave was earthly? Her long white arms and clasped hands were extended in all their loveliness towards heaven—her dark and shining locks brushed the fresh mould, and spread in unrestrained beauty over a pale face bedewed with tears, and bending in lowly meekness to the earth. It was a poor bereaved orphan—it was Emma Moreton. She was like a delicate flower which has been blown by the heedless blast upon a rocky islet. The clime was rude and foreign to its nature, but the neighboring plants protected its infancy, but one by one they withered and were torn from its unsightly side, by the rushing wind, and it was now a lovely blossom that bends its humble and graceful head when the night breeze rushes by in rudeness Emma rose from her lowly attitude, and felt that consolation which heaven in its love bestows upon its suppliant children. She left the church-yard and wandered unconscious whither. She was started from her reverie by the sound of voices. She found she was standing on the very spot where she and Vivian had had such an affecting interview—the channel of her thoughts instantly changed.—Where was Vivian? perhaps enjoying the blessings of friendship and love—perhaps engaged in the bloody strife that raged in Europe. Again the voices she had heard came

and, here and there is the result:—You have been a powder monkey, or cabin boy ("Mousse")?—Yes, Sir.—A hackney coachman?—Yes, Sir.—A stealer of dogs for the School of Medicine?—Yes, Sir.—A thief?—Yes, Sir.—Again a hackney coachman?—Yes, Sir.—A dealer in fowlers' horses for the fowlers?—Yes, Sir.—A player of horses in Paris?—Yes, Sir.—In fine, you have been driven from Paris?—Yes, Sir.—Your certificate of conduct is thus expressed—"a robber, and an incorrigible vagabond."—Lecourtois (with animation)—"I never stole any thing but dogs; it is not a dog that can deprive me of honour. It is necessary, moreover, that the physicians should be supplied with these animals."

It appears very evident, from all the accounts which we receive from the dominions of the Ottoman Porte, that it would be better policy for him to look to his own territories, than further to attempt the reduction of the Greeks. We learn from Aleppo, that the above named city suffers severely from the incursions of the Arabs, who intercept the communication with the country, and have forced the inhabitants of the villages south of the city to abandon their habitations. Tripoli is now, or has recently been, in a state of uproar and consternation—the Anazis Arabs commit all sorts of excesses between the towns of Hammam and Damascus; it is expected that a civil war will break out in the mountains of Lebanon. Accounts, by the way of Persia, further represent that the Bedouins intercept the communications from Bagdad, by whom the troops of the Pacha sent for their reduction, have been twice repelled. The Emir Bechir is said to have received instructions from Mehmet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, to attend henceforth to his orders only, and not to those of Abdallah Pacha, to whom he is also said to have written, not to interfere in the affairs of Emir Bechir, on pain of incurring his displeasure, and even threatening to send troops to take possession of St. Jean d'Acre.

ALPHA.
The Hogshead of Tobacco, raised in the state of Ohio, by Mr. Isaac Ijams, weighing 833 pounds nett, was sold at Baltimore last week, at \$40 per hundred. Another hogshead, raised in Maryland, by Daniel Murray, Esq., weighing 830 pounds, was sold at \$39 per hundred.

Messrs. Worley and Dennison, members of the British Parliament, who have lately made an extensive tour in the United States, returned to England on the 4th inst. in the British packet. Their associate, Mr. Stanley, sailed some time ago.

One evening last week, between the hours of seven and eleven, a gentleman in New-York, caught fifty-one rats in his own house, with a common wire trap: at one haul he had no less than thirteen; so that the trap was literally crowded.

Our readers will be able to form some idea of the profitable nature of steam-boat property at New-Orleans, from the fact, that the managers of the Steam-boat Post Boy at that place, have declared a dividend of thirty per cent.

Counterfeit three dollar bills purporting to be on the bank of Delaware, at Wilmington, are in circulation.

Counterfeit three dollar bills on the Hartford Bank, (Conn.) have recently been put into circulation in the city of New-York.

A Negro's Definition of Drunks.—"I drinky for drinky, Massa, drinky for drinky."

The Legislature of Upper Canada, have passed a law admitting printing presses, types, and every article made for printers' use, to be imported duty free. Clover and Timothy Seed, and several other articles are also exempted from the payment of duty.

John Keith, Esq. late of Upper Makefield Township, Bucks County, has bequeathed to the Theological Seminary, at Princeton, N. J. twenty-five hundred dollars.

Segars, made of Tobacco raised on the farm of Mr. M. Brennan, of Lancaster county, Pa. have been exhibited, and are said to be equal in flavor and taste to the best Havana segars. Many of our farmers are turning their attention to the culture of this plant, the proceeds of which, to the southern planters, is immense.

The American Insurance Company, of New York, have declared a dividend of six per cent. for the last six months, payable on and after the 1st of June. This company have been in business but ten years, and they have divided one hundred and eighty per cent.

A meeting of the citizens was held in the borough of Norristown, Pa. on the 29th ult. to adopt measures for the erection of a bridge across the Schuylkill at that place. A committee was appointed to consider and report to an adjourned meeting, whether, in their opinion, a company might be safely formed for that purpose, without a legislative revival of the act of 1825.

At a militia muster at Potter's Mills, in Bellfonte county, Pa. a man named Anderson, whilst in the act of firing a gun at a target, accidentally shot another man through the head, and he instantly fell and expired.

The Hon. D. Boudling, a senator in Congress from Louisiana, arrived at New-Orleans, on the 10th of April, via Louisville.

In the town of Union, Illinois, the citizens fastened the effigy of Mr. Cook, their representative, to a whipping post, scourged it, hung it, shot it, and burnt it.

Major General Scott arrived in Washington, on Tuesday last.

The wife of Mr. John Livingston, of Adams county, Pa. was on the 3d of May, delivered of four children, three daughters and one son, who were on the 8th, all living and likely to do well.

The Treasurer of the American Bible Society acknowledges the receipt of \$8783.85, during the month of April, including a legacy of \$2000, left by the late Matthew Van Benschoten, of Fishkill. During the same period, the issues from the Depository were, 4472 Bibles, 5815 Testaments, and 650 Mohawk Gospels, valued at \$8576.39.

On the receipt in April of intelligence of the rise of cotton in England, an individual was despatched from this city to Huntsville in Alabama. The distance is about 1000 miles. He arrived there in 12 days, having performed the whole of the journey on horseback, and reached Huntsville six days in advance of the mail.

Cincinnati, Ohio, is represented as highly flourishing, and buildings of all kinds are going up. The National Crisis says, there is scarcely a tenement, however humble, that is not inhabited; and that more are called for than can at present be had. A number of new steam boats are now on the stocks, and several more are contracted for.

A gentleman from Mexico was robbed of \$1000, about the middle of last month, in Cincinnati, by a Frenchman, who pretended to teach the French language, and who gave daily lessons to his victim. The money was principally recovered.

There was a fall of snow at Boston, last week, and ice in the vicinity during night.

The Hancock (Maine) Gazette states, that the gaol in that county had been without a tenant for some days; a circumstance which has not happened before for many years.

Capt. Franklin, and party, set out from Bénetoguashene, (Upper Canada,) on the 4th of April, in three canoes, well manned, for the Upper Lakes, and to join the exploring expedition under Capt. Parry.

The Powder mill belonging to Dr. Bardsley, at Finktown, Md. was blown up on the 26th ult. The building was entirely destroyed, but no one was injured.

On the 28th ult. the Rev. Charles Bonwell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, put an end to his existence, at his residence in Northampton county, Virginia, by hanging himself to a weeping loom. He had labored for a short time, under mental derangement. Mr. B. was in his 60th year; a man of strict integrity, hospitality, humanity, and beloved by all who knew him.

A public meeting has been held in Utica, N. Y. for the purpose of taking measures to erect a monument to the memory of the late Baron Steuben, whose remains lie undisturbed in the county of Oneida, with nothing to mark the place of his isolated grave.

The steam-boat Eliza left Cincinnati for Louisville on the 21st ult



Variety's very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LA FAYETTE.

Lov'd and respected—died in his birth,
Acknowld'd merit, affluence, title, all
For which we all have a hope, a wish on earth—
All these were his—he heard affliction's call,
Young and ardent, nothing could appal
Enthusiastic feelings—no regret.

To sacrifice all these, and nobly bairn
The sons of freedom, and their cause abet,
Emboldning more the great, the generous Lafayette.
OLD FARMER.

ACROSTIC.
Addressed to non-subscribers to the S. E. Post.

Say! would you be smul'd a leisure hour?
Enrich your store of knowledge? learn the news?
Partake of genii's weekly captions show?
Or view the starlings of the new-fledg'd muse?
Secure this feast of mind and mighty prize it is?
Take but the Post; in that you'll realize it. W.

QUERE.—Three separate lots of eggs, viz, the first 50, the second 30, and the last 10, were sold at a certain price for each egg, and still each lot yielded an equal amount. How were they disposed of?

THE BACHELOR'S SOLOQUY.
A PARODY.

To marry or not to marry? that is the question.
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The sullen silence of those cobweb rooms,
Or seek, in festive halls, some festive dame,
And, by uniting, end it. To live alone—
No more! And, by marrying, say we end
The heart-ache, and those throes and make-

shifts.

Bachelors are bairns to. 'Tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished.

To marry—live in peace—

Perchance in war—aye, there's the rub;

For in the married state what ill may come,

When we have shuffled off our liberty,

Must give us pause. There's the respect

That makes us dread the bond of wedlock;

For what could bear the noise of scolding

wives,

The fits of spleen, the extravagance of dress;

The thirst for plays, for concerts, and for balls,

The insolence of servants, and the spurns

That patient husbands from their consorts

take;

When he himself might his quietus gain,

By living single.

Who would wish to bear

The jeering name of Bachelor,

But that the dread of something after mar-

riage,

(Ah that vast expenditure of income,

The tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the

will,

And makes us rather choose the single life,

Than go to jail for debts we know not of!

Economy thus makes Bachelors of us still,

And thus our melancholy resolution

Is still increased upon more various thought.

During a journey of the Bishop of Salisbury (the celebrated Gilbert Burnet) from his see in London, he had a sudden occasion to stop the carriage, which he desired might proceed at a slow pace, as he expected shortly to overtake it. Very few minutes had elapsed before his lordship was attacked by a robber, who, in Irish brogue, demanded his watch and money. Remonstrance under such circumstances being unavailing, he complied with the best grace in his power, expecting no further molestation. The coat, however, of the Bishop, happening to take the fancy of the thief, he insisted on its being exchanged for his own threadbare jerkin, in which the clerical dignity was suffered to depart.—During this transaction, the Bishop's coach had proceeded a considerable distance, and Mrs. Burnet, becoming uneasy at her husband's delay, put her head out of the window and saw him running with all possible speed, in his new disguise, with the meaning of which she was soon made acquainted. The Bishop, a short time afterwards, on putting his hand into one of the pockets of the jerkin, had the unexpected good fortune to find his own watch, and in the other, not only his own purse, but also another, containing upwards of fifty golden Jacobuses.

The following epigram was written by an English Peer, on being told that the Bishop of C. (Dr. Goodenough) was appointed to preach before the House of Peers—

"Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach;
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach."

SARAH DAVIS & CO.

R UPELELY inform their friends and the public in general, that they manufacture SUSPENDERS of every description, and particularly J. Davis's Improved Suspender, which does not only make, but wears better than any other makes; and hope that their attention to business will merit the favours of the public.

Likewise CRAVAT STIFFENERS, of the best qua-

lity, and at reasonable rates, at

No. 31, South Front Street.

N. B.—The Patent can be seen by applying as above.

NEW MARKET BEDDING WAREHOUSE,

South East corner of Pine and Second Streets.

B A R L E S O N & H A R M E L, upholsterers, re-

specting their business in the town in general, that they have opened a Bedding Warehouse, on the southeast corner of Pine and Second streets, where they intend keeping on hand an extensive assortment of Bedding, Household and Furniture, and Pillows, of the best quality. English, French, and American Feathers; elegant half Mattresses, and a general assortment of Mattresses of an inferior quality; a quantity of Cottons; a general assortment of Feathers, well dried and packed, and ready for use.

Confiding in their customers exclusively to insurance against fire, (being prohibited by their Charter from engaging in marine risques,) this Company offers the best security for all its engagements.

Applications at the Office, No. 101 Chestnut street, either personally or by letter, promptly decided on.

JOB BACON, Sec'y.

March 19—14

CAPITAL \$500,000.

THE AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY daily make Insurances on Property of every description, and have been engaged by Fire on terms as reasonable and liberal as can be obtained in the United States.

Buildings and Merchandise of every kind, Furniture, Books, Mechanicks' Tools, Materials, Machinery, Agricultural Property, Effects of all kinds, completely protected from loss by fire, or the consequences thereof, either in town or Country.

Confiding in their customers exclusively to insurance against fire, (being prohibited by their Charter from engaging in marine risques,) this Company offers the best security for all its engagements.

Applications at the Office, No. 101 Chestnut street, either personally or by letter, promptly decided on.

JOB BACON, Sec'y.

March 19—14

TO THE AFFLICTED.

JOHN B. HOWELL, late discoverer of the well known Indian System for Coughs, has also his Universal Family Pills, good for the Scurvy, Dropsey, Gout, and all Diseases of the Blood, with his Lotion for Rheumatic Pains, Ointment for Sprains, and various Medicines, for various diseases, prepared and sold, at a moderate retail, by the proprietor, No. 74 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

Feb 26—14

DUNLAP'S PAINTING.

O F THE BEARING OF THE CROSS; or the pro-
cession of the Cross, on the Crucifixion of the
Saviour, is now exhibited at the
SULLIVAN & EARL'S GALLERY.

Admission 25 cents. Artists are respectfully invited.

Size of the picture 18 feet by 18.

May 7—14

Groceries, Wines, and Liquors.

T HE Subscribers beg leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand an extensive assortment of Groceries, Wines, and Liquors of the first quality.

Also, Burlington Jams, put up particularly to order.

For which we will discount, on the most reasonable terms.

No. 11 North Sixth street, corner of South Alley.

April 20—14

Rowley & Alburger, Plumbers.

N. O. 9 South Sixth street, fourth door above Chestnut, manufacture Lead Pipes of all sizes, warranted superior to any Imported. On hand, small Iron Pipes, which will be fixed on reasonable terms. Hydrants of all kinds, made, fixed, and repaired.

April 30—14

Will be offered for Sale

AT PUBLIC VENUE, on the premises on Saturday

26th of May next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

MILLS, STREAM, &c. adjoining

Laurel—commonly called Miller's Mill.

The stream considered and to lay on the Peninsula,

the Bay—valuable for cotton spinning, or any machine moved by water. Large quantities of iron within a convenient distance.

Also, a small Mill, with a Fall of 20 feet.

Charles Lehman, 11 North Sixth street, corner of South Alley.

April 20—14

GEORGE SPACKMAN,

CLOCK & WATCH MAKER.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public

in general, that he has removed from No. 3 1/2 N.

Third st. to No. 12 North Second st. where all orders for Watches, Jewellery, and Fancy Goods, will be punctually attended to.

No. 12 North Second street, corner of South Alley.

April 20—14

OGLEBY'S SICKLES.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having contracted for the

whole of the above Sickles, are ready to receive

orders for them. Also, BARTOLETT'S CAST STEEL

SCYTHES, and a general assortment of

Hardware and Cutlery,

which they will sell on reasonable terms for Cash, or the usual approved credit.

SAM'L HARVEY & SONS,

No. 62, North Front St.

April 25—14

REMOVAL.

HILIP WARREN respectfully informs his friends

and the public, that he has removed from No. 363,

Ach street, to the north-west corner of Fifth and Prune

streets, a general assortment of the best

most fashionable CABINET CUTLERY, of the best

materials and workmanship, which he will sell at the

most reasonable prices, and solicits a continuance of his

patronage, which he will endeavour to merit, by his

exertions to give satisfaction.

HYDRANTS,

Made and Repaired at Reduced Prices.

THE Subscribers beg leave to inform his friends

and the public, that he has removed from No. 363,

Ach street, to the north-west corner of Fifth and Prune

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